Paul Flanders
Drawer Z

THE CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
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GALLANT SINGING

It was not so much the voice as an instrument; it was rather the act of singing, which gave Fred Scott's recital its charm, last Sunday afternoon at the Golden Bough.

It was a gray afternoon. There was nothing at all lyric about the day. Fred Scott began his first group a little shyly; but it took little time for his voice to reach its full color.

The man has a stupendous dramatic imagination. Face and voice are mere reflections of the rare subtlety of his conceptions. As we see and hear him we know that processions are passing before his eyes, more present and real to him than we who merely sit in the room listening. It is upon the song and its content that his mind, and the mind's eye, visibly look out.

What sort of a voice is Fred Scott's? Well, this listener would venture to say, a rather reedy voice; not our choice of a voice. But it somehow doesn't matter. The singing is glorious. The conception has a subtlety which makes voices mere unimportances, mere carriers of the idea. It is the use of the voice which matters.

Mr. Scott's vocal quality is however particularly adapted to the Spanish song. It has a lyric harshness which belongs to Spain; and which he can turn into velvet. The applause of the audience for his Paloma was applause not for the song; but for the singing; and for his artistic achievement in bringing back to freshness and vitality a folk-tune supposed threadbare.

In the singing of spirituals, and folk-ballads, as in Brahm's setting of Ecclesiastes three, and Hageman's "Christ went up into the hills," the dramatic gifts of this singer are so evident that it is clear he is to make the opera field.

Meantime it is amusing to note that Mr. Scott has capitulated to the requirements of audiences as to the proper recital manner. Like the doctor's bedside manner, this must be just so and no otherwise. Last year Fred Scott was informal with his audiences; he was almost what one would call "flip." He refused to take seriously either himself or his audience, or in fact anything but the song itself, concerning which he was in deadly earnest.

In the year 1929 however progress has made such vast strides that Mr. Scott appears in a cutaway coat and grey-striped conventional trousers. And we are reasonably sure that if convention would require that he wear pink spats edged with point lace, his feet would be correctly attired. In short, he no longer takes the trappings seriously enough to protest at them. He goes through the usual required solemn motions to which recital audiences are accustomed;—although he knows, and we know, that the whole spectacle is absurd; that the way to sing is just to sing.

The cutaway and the grey stripes turn the recital platform into the caricature of comic supplements. Some day singers will appear among their listeners in tennis flannels or brown corduroys, or anything in which a man is sufficiently himself to sing a song honestly.

p. g. s.

TREE SPELL

Call the trees
that they may come into your sleep
that your sleep may be filled
as the silence of forests is filled
call the trees
that they may come into the hollows of your sleep
call them with listening . . . . .
listen deep. listen long.
as to a secret chanting
as to the secret chanting of your own heart's song
listen listen long
listen deep
go into sleep
listening.

—Jeanne D'Orge

THE SUNSET SCHOOL ILLUSTRATES THE GROWTH OF A YEAR

As climax to the week of open house in which the Sunset School welcomed visitors to all of its activities, came the open air Pageant on The High Lights of History, which the Seventh Grade not only presented before the school and its visitors as audience, but wrote altogether by themselves. The genius of Miss Genevieve Swain, who directs the work of this grade, lies first in kindling the spark, and then in leaving the children alone. The youngsters as a group composed a really admirable pageant.

Informality pervaded the whole scene. The chairs and benches out on the lower playground faced a primitive improvisation as upper stage,—curtains drawn across a space, with the sandy earth for floor, and flanked by the natural growth of manzanita bush, among them the waiting characters in their costumes.

Ostrich plumes waved, and lanky legs in their usual corduroys looked forth from the purple tunics of royal grandeur. Nobody suffered from stagefright, however; for there was Principal Bardarson in front, after the school orchestra had played, telling of the motivating forces in the school life of the year, and explaining that it didn't matter if the youngsters should forget their lines. The chief thing was that they had written and were producing the whole thing by themselves.

The curtains parted and the Prolog (Patricia Murphy in a bathing suit topped by feather-edged pink chiffon) announced the play, nine scenes in the development of civilization. We quote the prolog because of its excellence:

THE PROLOGUE

Our audience may think that we
Are being over bold
In truth it is a mighty task.
Our efforts please behold.

Our aim is to express our thoughts
On rise of mankind's power
The art, the times, and subjects all;
In this one little hour.

The cave-man's ingenuity
And Egypt's worship old;
The simple beauty of the Greeks
In ancient chorus told.

Rome, proud mistress of the world
With Caesar at its head.
Dark ages, bloody battlefields
And death fires blazing red.

Charlemagne crowned King of France,
Napolean in the scene.
A glimpse of Merrie England
With Bess its virgin Queen.

Nine scenes followed,—delightful. The spirit of each period was significantly expressed,—from the primitive cave man who stole his bride, to the crowning of Charlemagne (in sneakers, it is true, but with a wonderful crown on his head, set there in the name of the Pope) and Queen Elizabeth, regal in a rose pink taffeta bedspread.

There was a charming English broadsword dance, done by the stout yeomen of the period; and against the pyramids of Egypt (beaverboard) stately maidens in long white nighties and stylized headdress moved in still another manner.

Altogether it was charming. The audience permitted themselves to laugh right out loud now and then,—and even the stage action had to pause now and then for the same spontaneous reason. Miss Swain said afterward that they had only one rehearsal,—and that in the morning of the same day. The poise and self-command and the organization of the youngsters was remarkable in the light of this fact, and the whole made doubly delightful by it.

After the pageant the little Third Graders stepped one by one before the audience in their little foreign costumes,—each uttering his bit, from Huston Hannan as a Filipino, to the little Dutch girl.

Throughout the school classrooms the work of the year, on exhibit, showed impressively the creative activity of the school life. The second graders had made a town,—Carmel, with the fire house, and Pine Inn, and a flock of cottages assembled. Monterey was there too, in paper and paint,—with a real little boy, of course a Second Grader, standing by to offer to show you the children's gardens.

It is thoroughly impressive, this summary of the children's year of work and creation and play. And we may be prouder still of the less visible results,—the spirit and the attitudes of the two hundred-odd young human beings mingled in the democracy of the public school.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Herald — Patricia Murphy

Cave men Scene
Fleetfoot — Maxine Harbolt
Ab — William Payne
Ike — Yositaka Miyamota
Cave-woman — Aline Soto
Cave-man — Vincent Morris

Egyptian Scene
Rameses II — Charles Davis
First woman — Dorothy Todd
Second woman — Blanche Larson
Third woman — Mary Deusner

Egyptian Dancers
Barbara Lewis and Suzanne Brownell

Grecian Scene
Prophet — William Millis
Soldier — Dominick Desanta
Priest — Glenn Mc Entire
Citizen — Joe Peter Arminini
Messenger — Vincent Morris

Grecian Dancers
Jane Hopper — Maxine Harbolt — Betty Reynolds — Eleanor Watson — Jewel Hodges — Blanche Larson

Roman Scene
Augustus — Ted Watson
Cornelia — Vera Hunter
Narissa — Virginia Powell
Octavia — Kathleen MacLeish
Dancers Reed Schrapps and Ada Whiffin

Dark Ages Scene
First Crusader — Elaron Watson
Second Crusader — Betty Reynolds

Crowning of Charlemagne
Guerin — Glenn Mc Entire
Bertram — Charles Davis
First Lady — Maxine Harbolt
Second Lady — Jewel Hodges
Charlemagne — Ted Watson

Dancers
First Princess — Blanche Lallis
Second Princess — Estelle Mack

English Sword Dance
Mollie Kellogg — Margaret Ammerman
May Payne — Mollie Darling — Ruth Kellogg — Hortense Spoehr — Helen Marie Newmark — Theora Plein

English Scene
Queen Elizabeth — Frances Butler
Lord Richard — Janet Sayers
Lord Gilbert — Mary Deusner
Sir Howard — Suzanne Brownell
Page — Patricia Murphy
Trainbearers Barbara Lewis, Jane Hopper

French Scene
Napoleon — Gordon Bain
Minister to France — Lloyd Tevis
James Monroe — Takisa Miyamota

American Scene (present time)
The Boy — William Millis
Inventor — George Dorwart
Aviator — Glenn Campbell
Doctor — Bernard Watson

THE CARMELITE

CALENDAR

May

Th. 23 **Weishauss class** in The Appreciation of Contemporary Music. The Dickinson residence.

Sa. 25 **Piano recital** at 4:00, Theatre of The Golden Bough, by Gordon Phillips. Tickets invitational.

Su. 26 **Divine Services,** All Saint's Chapel, Community Church. Christian Science at 11:00 a. m. Carmel Mission at 10:00 a. m.
Baseball, Abalone League, up in Carmel woods, 2:30.

Mo. 27 **Weishauss class.**

AFTER THE BALL

. . . but then we are spoiled children in Carmel. We won't go home quietly after a concert and properly forget about it. We must go somewhere and talk about it,—so great is our thirst here for self-expression. The recital isn't over until we have distilled the last drop of opinion, tasted it, rolled it testingly on the tongue.

And so the Fred Scott recital adjourned to the Dickinsons' on the Point, where the singer was given a cup of well-earned tea, and the talk was further nourished with little cakes.

His professional duties being accomplished, the singer appeared in civilian costume. He was promptly introduced to Q . . . X . . . herself a musician of prominence.

"Beg pardon," she said, as she gave her hand, "but I didn't catch your name?"

When it was repeated, she sank through the floor and died. And to this day, if you ask her, she will tell you she knows nothing about it.

LAID TO REST THE THEATER GUILD

At the last meeting of the active members of the Carmel Theater Guild, that organization was quietly put to rest, when it was moved to dissolve the Guild as at the end of May. The deficit of some two hundred and thirty dollars remains to be met by small individuals assessments upon the active members who have borne its hopes and griefs.

Dramatic activity, which was for years the chief organized occupation in Carmel of people of leisure and imagination, has not yet recuperated from the exhaustion of last summer, due to over-production. The Theater Guild was perhaps too early an attempt at revival.

Or, has the poetic drama, the type of play apparently preferred by the Guild, less power to elicit response, when produced under conditions of imperfect illusion, than ten or twenty years ago, before the present period of high-powered, high-speed, contemporary plays set in?

LOST AND FOUND

Young David Hagemeyer and young Jo Schoeninger found a purse last Sunday. Reptile skin. They have reported the same to Chief of Police Englund, and seek the owner. Apply at either the City Hall or the Carmelite office.

FORTY FITS

We name no names, and we point no fingers.

All we ask it that everybody go and take a look at some of the new buildings rising these days in Carmel.

Just look, that's all.

ANNOUNCING THE FOURTH CARMELITE LUNCHEON

Preceded in the series of Carmelite discussion luncheons by a city planner, a foreign correspondent, and an anti-Fascist, Mr. Frederick J. Libby, national executive secretary for the National Council for the Prevention of War, will speak on June third at the fourth Carmelite luncheon. The pressure of size against space is responsible for the change from the intimate little Old Cabin Inn to the more spacious Pine Inn.

Mr. Libby is a speaker of international reputation. He has been savagely attacked in recent times by Congressman Fred A. Britten for his work toward the reduction of armaments and the extension of pacific methods for international disputes; he is an educator,—Bowdoin, Andover, Phillips Exeter,—who has received his degrees at Berlin, Heidelberg, and Oxford.

Following the war he did reconstruction and relief work in France with the Society of Friends.

He presents a thoroughly international viewpoint.

Mr. Libby is now making a lecture tour through the United States. His lecture at the Carmelite luncheon is under the sponsorship of the Women's International League.

It is announced a good week in advance, in order that luncheon reservations may be made in time. Previous luncheons have suffered from overcrowding because individuals came without having made reservations. The cost is seventy-five cents. Places may be reserved either through the Carmelite office, telephone 717, or through the Pine Inn, 600.

FOR MISS POWERS

In honor of Miss Mary Powers who has been connected for many years with Sunset School and who is retiring at the end of the current school year, the Carmel Girl Scout Council and the Parent-Teacher Association are acting as joint hostesses at a tea to be given at the Girl Scout House on Tuesday, May the twenty-eighth, at four o'clock.

All her friends are cordially invited to be present.

Personal Bits . . .

Anne Martin has returned from a spring jaunt with her friend Dr. Long. Together these two women followed the trail of the early forty-niners through Death Valley, spending several weeks in the camp of an old prospector.

They spent several days also with Miss Addams of Hull-House, who has been recuperating from illness in Tucson. There the progress of her convalescence allowed her again to be the very-much-honored guest, and to lecture before audiences.

It will be forty years this year since Jane Addams founded Hull-House in the heart of the slums of Chicago.

* * * *

Settled in the Navas-Rey guest house for the coming months are Mr. and Mrs. Elsworth-Stewart. Mr. Stewart is a writer of western stories who hopes shortly to take time off from bread-and-buttering in order to write a novel whose setting is Carmel.

* * * *

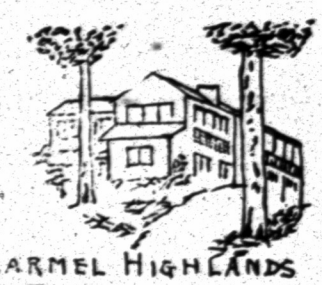
Hazel Watrous and Dene Denny returned last week from Los Angeles, where the latter gave a piano recital. The listeners crowded the recital hall beyond its capacity. A goodly portion of the Pasadena Players came over in a body,—perhaps in memory of last summer's "Cake" in Carmel?

Miss Watrous, after several season's absence from Los Angeles, reports interesting reactions. The old sense of flimsiness and tawdry sham is gone, or going, she says. Los Angeles has become a city as cosmopolitan in feeling as San Francisco,—although without its flavor; and conveying a vitality fresher and a greater creativity. The movie people and their admirers are still building, in Hollywood and in Beverly Hills, a horrendous nightmare-architecture. (At which we of Carmel allow ourselves to bristle a bit. We do not admit that we're so far behind. We've our own contemporary horrors here,—some brand-new bits of nightmare architecture it would be hard to beat.)

* * * *

From a letter concerning the unveiling of a painting by William P. Silva of Carmel before the Art Association of Springville, Utah;

"There was a burst of spontaneous applause and cheering just as great as you will see in any championship athletic event, (to most people this would seem impossible). I claim it is a tribute to you and art that goes to show that students can be made to support other activities, as well as athletics."



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RICHARD WAGNER'S PIANO COMES TO CARMEL

On Saturday afternoon the twenty-fifth at four o'clock, there will be a piano recital in the Theatre of the Golden Bough. Gordon Phillip will play a program which includes the Sonata opus 27 number 2 of Beethoven; Ravel's "Jeux d'Eau," the Liszt Etude in D-flat; the MacDowell Concert Etude, and a composition of Donyani.

The recital has, it is true, a commercial motivation,—since it has been arranged for the makers of the Steck piano,—which, before the Steinway rose to preeminence, was once the great piano of the world. That it has marked excellence it is the purpose of the present recital to prove. In addition to the program outlined, Mr. Phillip will play, upon the Steck piano Richard Wagner used for the composition of "Parsifal," the Blumenmadchen music from that opera.

This piano is touring the world with Mr. Phillip, who has played similar recitals in leading cities under the auspices of their best musical groups. As he is a musician of quality, we shall not need at all to hold it against him or the promised recital that we are invited as guests to hear it. Tickets will be available through the management of the Golden Bough at its showing of the film, "The Singing Fool," next week; or through the courtesy of Mr. Thomas Vincent Cator.

CREME DE LA CREME

The quintessence of sartorial elegance has now been reached,—and in Paul's new barber shop in the Leidig Building.

Sinking into a reclining chair,—green to match the lettuce-color of the plumbing,—you may now surrender to the tender touches of Paul's dapper ministering angels, surrounded by perfumes and the amorous tones of the radio; close your eyes, and dream that you are in the Venusberg.

No more rough talk; no more "Police Gazettes;" no more prize fights reminiscently conbabulated over.

In Paul's barber shop the shave is something to take seriously, and but for the omission of prayer, takes on the major trappings of ancient ritula.

FIFTY NEW PRINTS

The Visual Education Service, under the direction of George E. Stone, continues to extend its activities.

After prolonged correspondence there has been received from the Italian Government a collection of fifty prints, embracing architectural and scenic subjects, which will be placed on display shortly at the Carmel laboratories.

FAUNA OF CARMEL

Now that somebody in Carmel has a pet armadillo, which is reported cheerfully at large in the vicinity of Lincoln and Santa Lucia, we are impelled to take inventory of the rest of our furred neighbors. Not counting the thousands and millions of caterpillars who safely rolled themselves up in their own sleeping bags some months ago; or the kittens, grey and persian; or the dogs, airedale and police; or rabbits, nibbling lettuces with their funny little mobile noses quivering.

Dick Collins found a fawn the other morning near the Douglas School, brought it home, and contemplated keeping it for the children at the school. Then, seeing the look in its eyes, he let it go again, leaping free back into the forest.

Dr. Mahr, horseback riding on the Pebble Beach Road, came face to face with a stag. But deer are not afraid of horses, or of riders upon horses. The buck raised his antlered head slowly, quietly looked, and then went on with his grazing.

A small boy awoke this morning to find a new pet in the window corner by his bed. "O Muvvie, here's a little new bird visiting me! And it has pointy ears, and sharp, sharp little teeth!"

He cooed affectionate tones of welcome. "Perhaps if I talk to it softly it will get used to us and we can train it." But the little furry brown bat went on sleeping into the daylight, its black webbed wings spread out in a strange unit of decoration.

MOVING PICTURE

The film Potemkin had been announced as a work of art,—and we were therefore prepared for something modernistic by way of settings.

Instead, the picture, made in Russia, had the simplicity of a folk-happening. It was history told without decor, stark reality unmodified in the telling for any sake of "effect."

A signal honesty, a powerful emotional sincerity, characterize it.

Telling the tale of a minor revolution aboard a Russian battleship, it nevertheless symbolizes the later great revolution of the Russian people. It is profoundly moving, because unmarred by artistic flaws. There are no stage "sets," everything is real, and free from obedience to the canons of movie behavior as set down by the psychologists of Hollywood.

How is it that a play so revolutionary in spirit is permitted across the sacred borders of the United States, where Babbitt's life moves to the synchronized strains of a music singing the best of all possible worlds, and always to a happy ending?

Potemkin was cut when it reached our shores; and whatever of this accurately-recorded historic tale of a mutiny against authority, might have incited a mutinous or a revolutionary mood in its spectators, was removed. In spite of this, the story remains a monument, an indication of the power that lies in the hands of the mass of human beings, whenever the mass shall awake from its age-long sleep.

OUR NEIGHBOR THE ENEMY

"What were you doing during the Great War?" we asked him during the conversation. He was a German professor visiting in Carmel,—charming, gentle, and of much quiet intellectual grace.

"I was in the Field Artillery," he answered. "Four times wounded, and once suffering from shell shock, ready for the psychopathic ward in the hospital."

We looked ready to listen.

"It was after the second battle of the Marne," he continued. "In the Artillery you never see whom or what you are fighting. You hear about it afterward. I, for instance, did not know till long afterward that we had been fighting Americans at the Marne.

"I had been for many months without a single day's respite,—on duty continuously. My own dearest comrade had just died in my arms, his own warm blood gushing over me. It seemed to me that I could bear the war no longer. I would rather die than fight any more.

"So I went out into the open, and sat on the edge of a shell hole, waiting for the enemy to make a target of me.

"After a long while our own doctor came out to me sitting there dejected. 'My poor fellow,' he said, 'it is high time you went back a long way from here and had a few days' rest.' So they sent me back behind the lines. And after a while I stopped remembering the sound of the shells whistling, the shattering shock of the explosion. Yes, they took good care of us fellows."

LIFE IN TERMS OF ACTION

"There is nothing theoretical about the new education," said Mr. W. O. Bardarson, principal of the Sunset School, in his address to the pageant audience on Friday afternoon. "Its program is the life of the child. Our children come to school not merely to study, but to live. Children are doers."

GEORGE E. STONE

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"EARTH"
DETAIL FROM A DECORATION FOR THE BILTMORE HOTEL AT PHOENIX, ARIZONA BY MAYNARD DIXON

HISTORY OF GAWPY

When Harold and Robert Hestwood left Carmel some two years ago, they took with them an idea. "Gawpy" was to be made into a puppet show.

They left Jeanne D'Orge working upon the libretto in her Carmel studio, and Harold was ready to write music.

When it was ready for this, however, it was disclosed that each puppet had a voice-pitch so that the action moved to a sort of symbolic melody which had a musical pattern of its own.

"Gawpy" invaded Times Square at about Christmas time, and delighted its audiences,—both children and grown-ups. The marionette in this country has always been supposed to be chiefly juvenile entertainment; but this presentation, while appealing directly to young audiences, is projected in the manner of Continental marionette plays for sophisticates. The Gawpy ballet has the ironic humor of Anatole France in Penguin Island; the Marionette Revue is a witty satire on the manners of current revues and musical comedy, and dance recital productions. The children are entertained by the drollery, the adults by the subtlety, of this marionette program.

The "New York Times" and the "New Yorker" have commented favorably upon the brave plan of the Marionetteers to establish a permanent repertory company which will put on plays and revues and later political satires after the Continental manner.

The Gawpy ballet will tour the west next winter. Meanwhile Jean D'Orge is at work upon the libretto of a tragedy which the Marionetteers hope to produce two years hence.

A PANORAMA OF AMERICAN SCULPTURE

The American Sculpture Exhibition, large in quantity, but varied as to quality and significance, is now under way at the the Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco. Fifteen hundred pieces of sculpture comprise this heavy undertaking, which was made possible by a gift of a hundred dollars. So much does it cost in dollars to select, transport, insure, and place such a collection.

The exhibition is therefore necessarily crowded. It is an overwhelming experience,—it is too much. And it is scarcely to be hoped that there would be fifteen hundred superlative works among them. The medicore crowds beside the really great,—but the significant stands out, or more quietly emerges. As it is an exhibition said to be really representative, there are many schools here, many sorts of approach to the plastic medium,—from Jo Davidson's bust of John D. Rockefeller, with characteristic skill representing the attenuated finesse of the man, to the geometric sharp edges of Archipenko, cast in aluminum; and still abstracter works.

It is a great pity that a collection of such importance can not be seen more favorably,—that is, under conditions psychologically right. A complete solitude for each work,—an uninterrupted privacy of space and spirit. As it is, the orchestration is too rich, too extravagant, and all the while irrelevant.

Fifteen hundred works of art. If you spend sixty seconds with each, you will be there twenty-five hours. But who can experience a work of art completely in sixty seconds?

FOSTER FLINT

To the Editor
of The Carmelite.

The Foster Flint exhibition at the Carmel Gallery all this week is in the writer's estimation one of the finest to be held for some time.

Foster Flint is certainly in a sense a Romanticist, this however does not mean a sentimentalist. His strength is intense and with the rhymic feeling that somehow, all his pictures have,the combination is very nearly prefct.

—D. L.

Books . . .

Visiting in Carmel very recently was a young journalist, Dorothy George. She visited at Tor House one afternoon, spent an hour in the presence of Jeffers; then inscribed, with the spirit of the poet still strong upon her, these paragraphs:

Robinson Jeffers with his family leaves Carmel in June for a year in England, and particularly Ireland. This poet of international recognition has lived in seclusion beside the ocean for 15 years. On his single brief vacation in the Giant Sequoia, he was unhappy without sea sounds. On this trip, the Jeffers will visit friends and take walking tours.

Cawdor continues his literary tradition: the portrayal of gigantic elemental forces, fiendish conflicts, appalling tragedies. Schooling in his writing is no preparation for his idealized existence. In a house which he built of stones on a precipice of the sea, containing fine books (many inscribed), a piano and harpsichord, windows facing the spray of breakers and Point Lobos, he lives in and through the family activity. His twin sons make clay soldiers and battles; Una, his wife, discusses intellectual and artistic achievement with his guests. He, silent, smokes his pipe and intently watches his family and wood fire.

The lean rugged man, of powerful structure, sits loosely in khaki clothes, a sculptural mass. The courteous shy gentleman makes awkward attempts at friendliness. In a gentle monotonous voice, a peculiar voice unused to speaking, incapable of expressing him, he tells episodes irrevelant to our world; describes the landing of Sir Francis Drake, or the domestic relations of his chickens.

By a word, he communicates with his boys, his most intimate companions. Men of letters are his only tangible contact with the world of affairs. Although his associations are with brilliant thinkers, he does not discuss intellectual problems, rather simple natural ones. His quiet calm, impervious to discordant presences, only disturbed by winds and pounding surf; his sense of the infinity of time; his enduring concepts, are difficult challenges for the high strung modern of shifting values.

In an attic room overlooking a spectacular coast, he writes each morning. Afternoons he slowly builds his home, evenings he reads to his sons the works of Hardy, Scott and Dostoevsky.

The artist with taut racked body, hollow lined face, brooding tense eyes, has suffered the tortures of living, expressed his suffering in poetry. Greatness is known from his creation, greatness is felt in his presence.

FOR WILD FLOWER LOVERS

(Sent from the desert)

While still devotedly loyal to the wild flowers, trees, and birds, of the Monterey Peninsula, the sojourner in the south cannot but revel in the native flora characteristic of the land of the pepper tree and the mocking bird.

Not that there are more wild flowers here. Within reach of Carmel we have not only a greater variety; but, with more rain, larger quantities. Being, at home, more or less "bound to the wheel," one cannot extract oneself often enough for field work. But when once off with seed and sleeping bag, one finds it easier to cover a variety of aspects.

Sand dunes here are heavily populated with the largest beach evening primrose (yellow) I have ever seen: the dark magenta (small) flowered sand verbena; and the larger-flowered light pink one; grey-leaved creeping lotus, and colonies of the adorable beach convolvulus, (its large pinflish-white flowers rising from succulent rosettes of leaves,—all growing together in profusion and immensely enjoying life by the sea.

Although some parts of the desert have not for seventeen months seen rain, the brave and adaptable plants of that region, though chary of bloom, still somehow carry on. In antelope valley, where there have been a few light rains, the wild things have leaped in response. Flowering Joshua trees rise from a ground cover of lavender-blue desert gilia and the orange-scarlet California poppy typical of this corner of the Mojave. Agoseris (a lemon-colored dandelion-like flower) and white yellow-centered daisies clothe the slopes which meet the hillsides, golden with desert coreopsis,—the whole picture splashed with blue and lavender of lupin and filaree. In the opposite direction the yellow-green of creosote and the grays of sages blend with the shimmering blue-gray distance that is the beckoning inhospitable desert proper.

The valley flora are similar to our own; but as one climbs the mountains a distinct regional growth is apparent. The decorative shag-bush takes the place of the tree tobacco. Lilacs are different from ours, as are the manzanita and the sumachs. Burnt areas,—and there are many,—are covered with phacelia (white and purple) and the yellow mimulus or dry hillsides. The superb Campo pea enriches the shrubs or climbs over with its clusters of large velvety crimson flowers.

I sit perched on the edge of a mountain. Far below, the Colorado desert, a gleaming yellow and brown stretch broken by hills of bare reddish rocks.

The blue motionless Salton Sea lies beyond.

And I am filled with a longing for home.

—Lester Rowntree.

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THE CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA

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PROGRAM FOR A FUTURE

The Scott recital ended the season's activities of the Carmel Music Society,—six excellent concerts,—voice, piano, violin, and string quartet. Every little town is likely to have some sort of music or other. The distinguishing factor here is the quality of the choices made.

Carmel is building up an audience capable of fine musical responses. Musicians enjoy such an audience enormously, and carry away a peculiarly warm feeling with them . . the little town where they were understood.

Next year is "Bach year." In Los Angeles the Christmas Oratorio will be sung, and one of the great masses. And the Easter Oratorio.

Is Carmel ready for music so superb?

We have few radios; no dance halls; and hear about us little of the "musical" jingle which spoils the ear for receptivity to real music. Perhaps we are still so unspoiled that the music of Bach can actually reach us.

Shall we participate in this Bach year?

We might either bring up to Carmel some of it,—undertake to persuade one of the choral groups singing south to come up to us for a concert. Or we might initiate some choral singing of our own. Perhaps Mr. Surette, when he comes to the California coast next winter, will tell us how he has started the towns singing in the east,—singing not mere popular trash under the baton of some good fellow with no articular ear for music; but the chorales of Bach, part-songs of Brahms.

Something of this sort has sprung up in the little town of Ojai, near Santa Barbara,—song for the joy of singing, and with no particular impulse toward public performance.

And we in Carmel . . . have the old Carmel Mission, waiting to be used, with its excellent acoustics, the mantle of time flung out over the past. Some day we'll use it. Some day sing there,—a lot of us, ancient and beautiful music.

LEGAL ADVERTISING IN CARMEL

The "Pine Cone," in its issue of last week, takes exception to The Carmelite's views on the question of legal advertising, as circularized to attorneys and published in our issue of May eighth. In particular, our contempory lights upon the phrase "Without Prejudice," which headed the circular, and attributes to it divers sinister meanings which might be interesting if true.

Since the issuance of The Carmelite's circular, the City Council has published a notification inviting tenders for the city's advertising. This in effect renders the whole question **sub judice**; the points at issue will have to be settled if and when the Council awards the contract, and with the preponderant weight of the law on its side, The Carmelite is prepared to rest its case.

An allusion to attorneys in the "Pine Cone" editorial makes it necessary, however, in justice to Messrs. Campbell & Ryker, to state the following. We as legal advisors by The Carmelite. We are indebted to Judge Ryker for valuable assistance in the action before the Superior Court in which The Carmelite's status was established, but the circular to which the "Pine Cone" takes exception was issued without his knowledge. It was a straightforward summary of the position; legal aid in its preparation was deemed unnecessary. Likewise, as a straightforward statement, it requires neither additions nor retractions. If the "Pine Cone" continues to be unduly perturbed by the mystic "Without Prejudice," it is welcome to the assurance that in the consensus of expert opinion the phrase means precisely what it says.

OUT OF THE OVEN INTO THE ICE-BOX

Summer ascends . . . and the world prepares to heave a hot and panting sigh. Except Carmel, where we lay in a sturdy stock of pine logs and stock our larders with tea and maybe even crumpets. The fog creeps in from the sea in spirals of heavy mist, while we too creep about a little forlorn. Is the sun food? Our sense of starvation on these chill days quite proves it.

But from the inland valleys come gratefully the sun baked, the singed, and the crisped. And we have only to drive a half dozen miles up our own valley to find the sun hot and summer-sultry.

Climatic contrast in California is dramatic. On the Mexican border on a hot day one may look up from a desert almost dizzily hot, to snow-capped mountain peaks. From Palm Springs, with the thermometer at a hundred and twenty-five, there are the upper canyons on San Jacinto still ridged with purple snow.
In June and July, when the children in the ghettos of New York and of Boston hang their heads out over window-sills at night gasping for breath, waiting for the Fire department hose to cool off the cobble-stoned street,—we shall be growling soft little growls of complaint in Cormel, "Where's the sun? Where's that sun?" and wanting everything all at once as usual.

Correspondence

WE RETRACT OUR ERROR

To the Editor
of The Carmelite:

. . . But you are mistaken in the Personal Bits. Neither Giovanitti nor myself was convicted. We were accused and acquitted on all counts. Please make correction accordingly.

Sincerely yours,
Joseph J. Ettor.

WEISHAUSS

Carmel,
May 19th, 1929.

To the Editor
of The Carmelite:

Some of us have been wondering why it is that there has been no mention of the Weishauss classes in your paper.

Certainly you of all people must be interested in this event which is not only of importance musically, but to the whole of contemporary thought.

Weishauss is a young comopser of un-

questioned integrity who is bringing to Carmel an experience in modern music such as New York or London might be grateful for. He has prepared for this class, a series of over fifty numbers, some of which are among the most difficult music written.

Added to this he is actually creating in his hearers an appreciation of the value of this music to the whole of life. He is more than a musician.

Perhaps it is only an oversight on your part. But even this is hard to understand since your paper stands for all that is most vital in the life and art of the present moment.

Sincerely,

A member of the class.

The editor is glad to agree with the writer in a high valuation of Imre Weisshaus as a musician. To us he seems an important musical figure, a sensitive and creative artist, a representative of that which is best in the stream of the "modern" movement.

The Carmelite will publish a discussion of the work of the course before its end.

The Editor.

To the Editor
of The Carmelite:

In your issue of May 15th there appeared an excellent article on art by my good friend Mrs. Mary Young-Hunter. Her observations are food for reflection.

Money certainly has no direct connection with art. Some of the finest artists in the world have been very poor.

But money can and does assist artists very materially. Thousands of artists today are aided by rich men and women. If Mozart had been assisted by a friend of means, his body would not have been placed in a field for paupers. Paderewski was very poor during his early years. It remained for a rich and clever Jew to bring him before the world. Art and money should walk hand in hand.

The restoration of Delphi in Greece by the French could not have been accomplished without the expenditure of millions of money. The art of New Mexico and Mexico was mentioned in the article. Art, like everything else in this old world of ours, evolves. We have primitive art, primitive music and primitive religion. The rude sketches of savage races are not equal to the finest works of art in the world today. The rhythmic beat of the tom-tom cannot be compared with the opera Parsifal. Mrs. Young-Hunter compares learning with art. "Learning," she says "sticketh out all over a man, like the quills of a porcupine."

The day has passed when learning can be considered vulgar or offensive like the quills of a porcupine.

Of course, we can have too much of anything. One aspect of evil, is too much of a good thing. Too much learning may result in madness. Too much religion often culminates in religious mania. An excess of philosophy is equally dangerous. Nietzsche died of softening of the brain. The greatest oratorio singer of the time, D. Ffrangcon-Davies of London, went violently insane and had to be taken to an asylum. The writer pled with him to control his emotions before it was too late; but he would not listen. He was blind to reason and so his end was tragic.

Yes, evil is too much of a good thing. Artists, like all other persons, can become unbalanced.

Darwin, in his latter years stated that he had lost his love for music. Becoming ultra scientific, he sapped the feminine pole of his being—science being the masculine pole.

As we evolve we become more balanced. Art is only one of the paths which lead to God and liberation. The truly wise man has a loving heart and a synthetic mind.

There is devolution as well as evolution in all the arts and sciences. In this world there is a tendency to revert to type. Owing to the world-war and other influences, the primitive instincts in the human race have been accentuated. In the beginning of a new era everything is in a state of flux. The world is now in the melting pot, all things are chaotic. We even see chaos in art. Siegfried ground his sword to powder and then reforged it before he could slay the dragon. The chaos of this era is a hopeful sign.

Crystallization is death. We are emerging into the etheric age and the fourth dimension. Man is actually evolving a sixth sense. And so we must expect great changes in art and all things. Behold the Nautilus—!

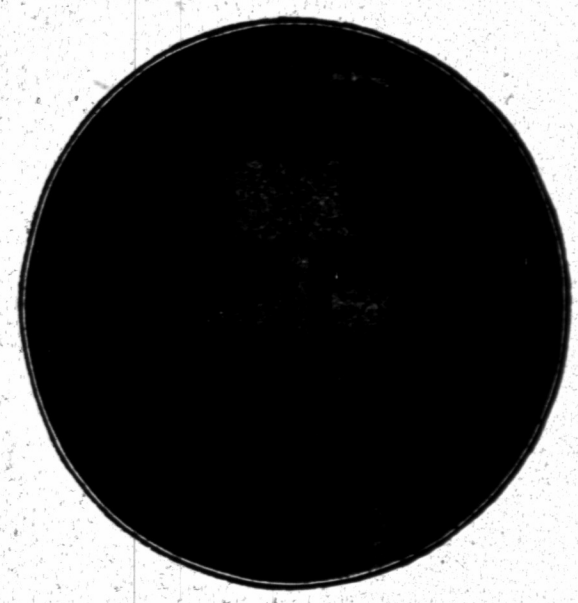
—Frank L. Riley, M. D.

EDITORIAL BLUNDER

In the Carmelite of last week, appeared an article written by Mrs. Mary Young-Hunter, concerned with the growth of Los Angeles as an art center.

In titling it, we took an editorial liberty which we regret. We hereby offer for this misbehavior our apology, both to the author whom it mis-represented, and to the readers it may have misled. The title Mrs. Young-Hunter prefers would have read, "The Apotheosis of Los Angeles."

MARGARET SANGER



REPEAL THE ANACHRONISM

The raid upon Margaret Sanger's Birth Control Clinic, and the conviction by a New York jury of Mary Ware Dennett, for having circulated through the mails a book written for the sexual information of her two sons, and later on widely used by the Y.M.C.A. and other institutions, reminds us that we still have upon the statute books of California a law prohibiting communication of contraceptive information.

This is of course a law impossible to enforce: first. because it is inhuman and contary to good sense concerning the nescessities of human beings; second, because its violation cannot be traced. It therefore resolves itself to a prohibition effective among the logical official sources of such information,—teachers and doctors and social workers.

Now if the state takes it upon itself to prevent the practice of birth control, it is assuming another major responsibility It must either abolish the marriage of fertile couples unable to provide for children, or it must undertake their support itself.

Probably a very large part of high nervous tension and unhappiness,—tapering off into neurasthenia and abnormality of behavior, is traceable to the practice of this virtual separation among married pairs. Ask the psychologists and the psychiatrists. Look into the sanitariums and the psychopathic wards. The story is there. Your psychiatrist will tell you that sexual problems form the basis of most of these neuroses.
(Another question referrable to the psychologist concerns the relative effect upon the nervous system of contraceptives and of sexual continence.) In many cases the former is the only way possible, unless there be a complete separation of the family.

If this way is, however, theoretically unavoidable, and it is the state which promulgates the theory, then the state must take upon itself the responsibility for the care of an infant born against the will and the economic potentialities of its parents. This conclusion of course

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reduces the whole theory ad absurdum.

Meanwhile,—and of course mainly upon the lower economic levels,—the problems of birth control and of over-fertility are of anxiety and anguish. Read the case records of any Mother's Clinic dealing with them. The heart aches at the repetition of these stories. Fear permeating the marriages of young couples; fear and finally despair,—the breakdown of freshness and hope and spontaneous joy.

We who read this are not close to these situations. Perhaps the imagination is a little dull and we find it difficult to believe them in general. What we need is to read the case records, to come into contact with the human beings oppressed by the situation.

Once we know, we shall be eager to take off the statute books of California a law only the ignorant obey.

Beauty is not caused,
It is.
Chase it and it ceases.
Chase it not and it abides.
Overtake the creases
In the meadow when
The Wind
Runs his fingers thro' it?
Deity will see to it
That you never do it.

—Emily Dickinson

SULTRY DAYS

Sultry days bring acrid thoughts:
I remember your lips again.

The dust gathers on the roadside
And the wind stirs it now and then.

The early mornings are not half cool
As they used to be on days we knew.

Shine, sun, absorb the moisture of everything,
Parch the throats of many men and women.

Dry and wither, you green grass and gay flowers,
You leaves falling crackled from thirsty trees.

Sultry days and acrid thoughts:
Your lips, a bitter taste in my mouth.

—Anton Gud.

THE DAY'S WORK

She had thought of the story in the night. She had awakened out of a dream with the flavor of it in her mind and as she lay and watched Orion move over the pine-tops across the open window, the characters took form and then relationships took life. She made some notes in the book beside her bed so that she would remember it in the morning. The gentle warmth of blankets was too powerful to leave.

She woke with a sense of something to waken her. Gradually the mist of sleep took definite form; the story emerged. Yes, that was it: she was going to write a story today. She looked at her notebook—the inner world grew bright; became more real than the little room and the first bird-song. She saw her characters live and move—each with a life of his own—yet bearing upon and interweaving with other lives. She knew it was a living thing, this story, as it moved and breathed within her.

She dressed and lighted the fire. She went out into the garden. It was always a joy to turn on the hose before the sun was up and watch the clear drops fall into the cups of flowers. Especially nasturtium leaves. They were wonderful to water.

But the garden was unreal this morning. It was a beautiful mirage, beyond which lay the real city. She was so deep in her story that she did not realize how long she had been watering the garden till she heard the children stirring in the house.

When she went in she found them dressing by the fire, both struggling for the warmest place. Soon the fight completely subordinated the dressing and there was nothing but a tangle of bare legs and arms, union-suits and stockings. Would she interfere, she thought as she stood in the doorway? There was no place to break in anyway, so she went into the kitchen. She would let them have it out.

The preparation of breakfast went on and the fight went on, but the dressing did not. So at length she went in and pulled the two violent little figures apart. She put one in the bedroom and one in the bathroom, put their clothes in after them and shut the door.

At the breakfast table she tried to establish harmony, but the fight was still on. Between mouthfuls of porridge they glared at each other across the table. She tried to get them interested in something else. She talked about an aeroplane trip that the papers were full of, but the situation was too tense to be broken. They were making faces at each other. She could not tell whose fault it was. Soon a kick under the table put things into action again.

Finally she got them off to school, after the usual round of nail-cleaning, teeth-cleaning, violin practice—each item of

which met with the usual resistance.

What a blessing school is, she breathed as she sat down again at the breakfast table and ate a little toast in peace. She wondered vaguely why she felt so warm and happy within. Oh yes—the story—that was it. She would wash the dishes and begin.

As she was putting the dishpan away she heard crying. The youngest child was coming up the path. "My ear aches, mother," he cried.

She knew that the morning struggle had upset him—the more highly-strung of the two boys. So she gave him some books and put him by the fire.

The quietness of the house soothed him and very soon he went out into the garden.

She sat down at her desk and took out her pencil. It was all there in her mind—the story that had come to her in the night. It opened well and began to unfold.

The telephone rang: "Sorry to bother you, dear, but how many minutes do you cook rhubarb?"

When she put down the receiver she looked at the clock. She had talked almost an hour about everything from rhubarb to Buddha.

She went on with the story—trying to restore the freshness she had felt in the night—but it began to droop a little.

"Mother, do caterpillars ever go over themselves?" asked a voice from the window.

"Don't ask silly questions. Mother's busy."

"But it is not silly. The hose goes over itself, why doesn't a caterpillar?"

"Well, it might if it were longer."

"Can a snake go over itself?"

"Yes, dear."

"How many times can a hose go over itself?"

"Go and try it yourself and don't ask mother everything."

The story proceeded but it became involved. Its former purity was gone. She knew that her effort to bring it back was destroying it. Spontaneity had disappeared.

The telephone rang again. "Hello! This is the Carmelite office. Could you send us a book review? We're awfully short of literary news this week and everyone else is busy."

"All right, when does it have to be in?"

"Oh, by about two o'clock."

"Well, I can't do it then."

"Oh yes you can. It won't take long."

She wrote the review; and as she was finishing it the door opened. A little figure appeared, dripping wet from head to foot.

"What on earth have you been doing, child?"

"Trying to find out how many times the hose would go over by itself."

"With the water on?"

"Yes."

She undressed the child and rubbed him warm with a towel. She made some hot soup. After lunch she tried to pick up the threads of the story again. She had only an hour before work.

But the story was like a lover. It resented pursuit. It would only give the mere shadow of itself. She would let it go till evening.

Walking home at six o'clock with her arms full of groceries she tried to regain the peculiar flavor of the story. She would work at it after dinner.

"Give the children plenty of fresh vegetables," the doctor had told her some time ago.

She prepared carrots, spinach, peas and salad. She set the table. The children sat down.

"I get so darned sick of carrots I hate the sight of them," said the elder boy, unfolding his napkin.

"Mother, do I HAVE to eat this spinach?" said the younger.

She sent them both to the pictures afterwards. There arose in her mind a vision of perfect motherhood—a home life of quiet harmony—children around the fire, being read to—having their questions answered with the utmost care. How did people manage it, she wondered.

She looked at the pile of dishes—but she was too tired to wash them. She went to her desk and drew up the light. She read a few pages she had written. Suddenly the people of her story seemed unreal—their problems false. Life was not dramatic and splendid like that, she felt. It was just a series of disconnected happenings—beginnings and interruptions. Its meaning lay beyond somewhere.

She put the story with a pile of others she had begun and never finished. She went to bed.

"After all, Life itself is the Great Story," she thought as she lay and watched the stars move over the tree-tops. "It is like modern music; it is an experience in tensions."

—Dora Hagemeyer.

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DAVE THE BLACKSMITH

We were having a bit of tea under a mulga tree and resting up after an eleven mile walk across a piece of desert in the center of Australia. The flies had been very bad. A car came along driven by the owner of the cattle station; we hopped in and in three quarters of an hour, we arrived at his house. Mr. J. told us to make ourselves at home in the bunk house and to eat with the men.

We began to mend our tires and in straightening out a badly damaged rim we came to know Dave the rolling stone blacksmith.

He was a little man, lame in both legs, with a face that looked as though it had been at times frozen and at others almost singed in the tropic sun. With a few tools he could do a surprising amount of repair work. Working together on the car and odd jobs he had to attend to we heard snatches of a wandering life. He never went into detail but would suddenly tell us he'd been in New York or Alaska. The rest would have to be dug out of him to the tune of a rim being hammered into shape on the crude anvil.

"Yes, I've been in New York. Worked there a while painting the Brooklyn Bridge." No comments, just a statement of fact. Nothing ever seemed better or worse in this man's life. It was all part of him. Used to hardships he forgot to mention them.

"Looked for gold too in Alaska. but made more money in the lumber camps in the North West."

One day he ran an iron prong into his leg and came to our room for some iodine which we had in an emergency kit. To get at the gash he exposed a sinewy leg with two great scars. "Got them in the Boer war. Fought two years in Africa." It didn't seem to matter which side he was on. "The Boers were good scrappers but had too much against them." That is the only view he had on the rights and wrongs of that affair.

The sea too knew him. After a cruise on an old fashioned whaler he had tried the American Navy. How he got in was of no importance. A good yarn or a none-too-particular recruiting officer.

We were ready to leave the station and very much worried as to whether we would beat the rains to Darwin. All the men we had asked seemed doubtful. Dave said, "Sure, you'll make it all right. Drop me a card when you get there." That was the way he was—no reasons, but we would get through all right, and we did, just three days before the Wet began when all travelling was stopped for three months.

The key to Dave's life could be found in a single sentence of his. "When I'm ready to leave a job my only delay is to take my hat down off the peg and I'm off."

—An American Student.

MARK TWAIN IN SAN FRANCISCO

If all Californians respect, love, and read Mark Twain, he on his part always held his stay in California among his sweetest memories. Clemens first arrived in San Francisco in 1864, poor, unknown, and even undecided as to his profession. He remained in what he called "one of the most hospitable cities in the world" for two years,—and most eventful ones for him they were. It was while here that Mark took that vacation near Angels' Camp which gave him opportunity to hear the famous Jumping Frog story while sitting around the old iron stove at Hotel Angels. He also went away for about a dozen months to the Hawaiian Islands. From there he wrote back his well known letters to the "Sacramento Daily Union" which were the beginning of his fame. Upon his return to San Francisco he did not know much what to do and became very dejected, almost contemplating suicide.

Then one of his friends suggested that he give a lecture.

Clemens had never appeared before the public and he was somewhat timid. In order to cheer him up, his friends promised that they would station hearty laughers at strategic positions among the audience. That evening Clemens advanced to the platform, fearing that his humorous lecture would be dismal, even at a funeral. But as soon as he opened his mouth and made some very commonplace remark the hearty laughers started off at a tremendous rate. The result was that all the audience laughed so loud and long that they were too weak to leave their seats. Mark Twain's reputation as a lecturer was established!

Mark's last lecture in San Francisco was delivered on Thursday evening, July second, 1868, at the New Mercantile Library on Bush Streeet. The subject was: "The Oldest of the Republics, Venice, Past and Present."

The announcement further stated:

"The public displays and ceremonies projected to give fitting eclat to the occasion have been unavoidably delayed until the fourth of July. The lecture will be delivered on the second, but the event will be celebrated two days afterwards..... by a gorgeous display of fireworks from Russian Hill."

For another one of Mark's lectures the management announced:

"A splendid orchestra is in town, but it has not been engaged.... And a grand Torchlight Procession may be expected; in fact, the public may expect whatever they please."

Those who once saw Mark Twain on the platform never forgot him. He would lounge loosely across the boards with his mauuscript consisting of heavy yellow wraping paper carried under his arm and looking like a ruffled hen. His delivery was inimitably quaint and drawling. Once after a lecture an old man came up to him and asked:

"Be them your natural tones of eloquence?"

Four days later, on July sixth, 1868, Mark sailed via Aspinwall for New York, and a week after his arrival delivered the manuscript of "Innocents Abroad" to his Hartford publisher. The chapters which composed the book were written originally for the "Alta California."

Most people do not know that "Roughing It" ends with a moral, but it does, and with it we end our paper:

"If you are of any account, stay at home and work your way by faithful diligence; but if you are of no account, go away from home and you will have to work."

—Cyril Clemens.

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Mid-Channel	Ludwig Lewisohn
The Front Page	Ben Hecht
The Cradle of the Deep	Joan Lowell
The Sun Virgin	Thomas Dixon
First Love	E. M. Delafield
Awake and Rehearse	Louis Bromfield
Emily Persuaded	Elizabeth Deane
Precious Bane	Mary Webb
A Pearl for My Lady	Gurney Slade

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Mid-Channel	Lewisohn
Dodsworth	Sinclair Lewis
Dark Hester	Ann Douglas Sedgwick
Cradle of the Deep	Joan Lowell
Hell's Loose	Roland Pertwee
The Seven Dials Mystery	Christie

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THE HARBOR
SAN FRANCISCO
from a woodcut by
RAY BOYNTON

The Youngest Set

"C'mon over to my house and play," said Dick.

"No," said Nick. "Dowanna."

"C'mon," urged Dick.

"No," said Nick.

"Lend you my beebe gun," said Dick.

"Nope," said Nick.

"Say, we've got **two different kinds** of jelly for dessert," sa Nick.

"O well, all right. aybe I will," said Nick.

CARMEL TAXI SERVICE
PHONE 15 DAY OR NIGHT

NOTICE OF FILING LIST OF ASSESSMENTS UNPAID

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN That on the 13th day of May, 1929, A. P. Fraser, Street Superintendent of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, filed with the undersigned City Clerk a complete list of assessments unpaid under the certain assessment, diagram and warrant issued to J. L. Conner, Contractor, on the 3rd day of April, 1929; said assessment, diagram and warrant being for the work and improvement contracted for and the contract therefor completed and fulfilled, pursuant to the provisions of the "Improvement Act of 1911," as amended, and the "Improvement Bond Act of 1915," as amended, and also pursuant to Resolution No. 418 of said Council, to wit, the Resolution of Intention to order said work, duly adopted on the 27th day of August, 1928, and other resolutions, notices and proceedings duly adopted and taken thereunder, reference to said Resolution of Intention being hereby made for a description of said work.

NOTICE IS HEREBY FURTHER GIVEN That interested persons may appear before said Council at its regular meeting to be held on the 5th day of June, 1929, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. in the Council Chamber at the City Hall in said city, and show cause why said bonds should not be issued on the security of the unpaid assessments, as shown on said list, that being the time and place hereby fixed by me for such purpose.

DATED: May 15, 1929.
SAIDEE VAN BROWER,
City Clerk and Ex-officio
Clerk of said Council.
(Official Seal)

Legal Notifications--

NOTICE INVITING SEALED PROPOSALS

Pursuant to the provisions of resolution No. 436 of the Council of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, duly passed on the 1st of May, 1929,

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: That said Council hereby invites sealed proposals or bids for the contract for doing all printing and advertising for said City, for the period of one year from and after the passage of the Resolution awarding such contract.

All sealed proposals or bids shall be accompanied by a check certified by a responsible bank, payable to said City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, in the sum of One Hundred Fifty ($150) Dollars, and such check shall be forfeited to said City in the event that the successful bidder should fail or refuse to enter into a contract with said City in accordance with the terms of his proposal within ten (10) days from and after the award thereof. All such proposals or bids will be received by the City Clerk of said City not later than the hour of 7:30 p. m., of the 5th day of June, 1929, at which date and hour said Council, in open session in the meeting room of said Council at the City Hall of said City, will publicly open, examine and declare the same: Reserving the right, however, to reject any or all such bids.

BY ORDER OF THE COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA.

Dated: May 13th, 1929.

SAIDEE VAN BROWER
City Clerk of said City of Carmel-by-the-Sea.

(OFFICIAL SEAL)

Date of First publication: May 15, 1929.
Date of Second publication: May 22, 1929.

CERTIFICATE OF DOING BUSINESS UNDER A FICTITIOUS NAME

BE IT KNOWN:—That I, Eugene A. H. Watson, the undersigned, do hereby certify that I am transacting the business of printing in the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, in Monterey County, State of California, under the fictitious name and style of

"CARMEL PRESS"

having bought the interest of my former partner, Herbert Heron, in the business then known as "Seven Arts Press," and am now the sole owner of said business; that the principal place of business of the Carmel Press is in the Seven Arts Building, located on the west side of Lincoln Street, south of Ocean Avenue, in the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, in said County and State, and that my name in full, and my residence is as follows:

EUGENE AUGUSTUS HOFFMAN WATSON, residing at Carmel-by-the-Sea, California.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this seventh day of May, 1929.

EUGENE A. H. WATSON

State of California)ss.
County of Monterey)

On this 7th day of May in the year one thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine before me, F. O. ROBBINS, a Notary Public in and for the County of Monterey, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared EUGENE A. H. WATSON known to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal, at my office in the said County of Monterey the day and year of this certificate first above written.

F. O. ROBBINS,
Notary Public in and for the said County of Monterey, and State of California.

(seal)

My commission expires March 26, 1930.

First insertion, May 15, 1929.
Last insertion, June 12, 1929.

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